Hell. Commend me to your neece.
Pand. I will ſweet Queene. *Sound a retreat.*
Par: Their come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greete the warriers. Sweet *Helen* I muſt woe you,
To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his ſtubborne buckles
With this your white enchaunting fingers toucht;
Shall more obey then to the edge of ſteele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes: you ſhall do more
Then all the Iland Kinges, diſarme great *Hector*.
Hell: Twil make vs proud to be his ſeruant *Paris*?
Yea what he ſhall receiue of vs in duty,
Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.
Yea ouerſhines our ſelfe.
Par: Sweet aboue thought I loue her? *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus Troylus, man.

Pand: How now wher's thy maiſter, at my Couſin *Creſſida*?
Man: No ſir ſtayes for you to conduct him thether.
Pand: O heere he comes: how now, how now?
Troy: Sirra walke off.
Pand: Haue you ſeene my Couſine?
Troy: No *Pandarus*, I ſtalke about her dore
Like to a ſtrange ſoule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,
And giue me ſwift tranſportance to theſe fieldes,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propoſ'd for the deſeruer. O gentle *Pandar*,
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſſid*.
Pand: Walke heere ith' Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.
Troy: I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'ymaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchaunts my ſence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeed
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding diſtruction, or ſome ioy to ſyne,
To ſubtill, potent, tun'd to ſharp in ſweetneſſe
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides

That

That I ſhall looſe diſtinction
As doth a battaile, when th
The enemy flying.
Pand. Shees making her
muſt be witty now, ſhe doe
ſhort as if ſhee were fraid w
prettieſt villaine, ſhe fetches
ſparrow.
Troy: Euen ſuch a paſſion
My heart beats thicker ther
And all my powers do thei
Like vaſſalage at vnware
the eye of maieſty.
Pand. Come, come, wha
Shames a babie; heere ſhee
her that you haue ſworne t
you muſt be watcht ere you
your waies come your waie
put you ith filies: why d
draw this curtaine, and lets
how loath you are to offen
doſe ſooner: ſo ſo, rub on
a kiſſe in fee-farme: build
Nay, you ſhall fight your h
con, as the tercell: for all t
Troy: You haue bereft n
Pand: Words pay no deb
reaue you ath' deeds too i
what billing again: heeres
terchangeably. Come in
Creſ. Will you walke in
Troy. O *Creſſid* how oft
Creſ. Wiſht my Lord? th
Troy. What ſhould they
ruption: what to curious d
fountaine of our loue?
Creſ. More dregs ther
Troy. Feares make diuel